ABSOLUTE ZERO.

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

For many years Mr. Augustus Kearnahan had been a guiding wheel in the machine that misgoverned one of the long-suffering cities of the Middle West. The Police Department was his, and he used it much as a German baron of old might have used his mercenaries, but his end was at hand.

The municipal elections were near and the Citizens' Reform League were straining every nerve to put up a decent ticket, and incidentally (and successfully) to collect evidences of the misdoings of the present holders of office.

It was in this latter work that I had part, acting as one of the league's special detectives, for which I was qualified by some experience with the Government Secret Service. It was not long before we found good reason to suspect a most astonishing state of things; Kearnahan himself seemed to have been in actual collusion with one or more gangs of high-class safe blowers and counterfeiters.

As yet we had not sufficient proof to convict or even to serve as a campaign weapon, so we preserved an awful silence and had our man shadowed wherever he went. Thus, when he left town, ostensibly for St. Louis, I was detailed to follow him.

He spent several hours most innocently in that city, and then took a ticket for Denver, still in my unsuspected company. As we left the station at the destination, however, I lost him in some unaccountable manner and could not pick up the trail.

I could not well call on the local detectives for help, but I went through the city as scientifically as I knew how and afterward visited Leadville, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, without finding any clew. It was most mortifying, for his adroit disappearance strengthened the presumption that he was engaged in shady transactions.

Nearly three weeks I spent in rushing about the State and finally returned, discouraged and disgusted, to Denver. At the hotel I glanced over the register for some time back, as is my habit, and found a name which interested me, though it was not that of the man I sought.

Years ago I had known Carl Glenny at the University of Chicago, where he was one of the most brilliant men in physical science they ever turned out, a devourer of scholarships. He had made no friends, scarcely any acquaintances, owing to a curiously stand-offish manner that he wore, it seemed to me, against his real nature.

I believe I was the only man with whom he had any intimacy, and he never invited me to his rooms and always met me with something of the embarrassment of a shy lover keeping a tryst. It was not a question of poverty. He seemed to have plenty of money.

The students simply considered him queer, and let him alone, as he seemed to desire. I had never heard of him since leaving college, and here he was at the Hotel Denison.

"Do you know whether Mr. Glenny is in?" I asked the clerk.

"I'm pretty sure he is," was the reply. "Are you a friend of his?" looking at me with some interest.

"Why, I used to know him pretty well," I said cautiously.

"We'd be glad to see any friend of Mr. Glenny's," continued the clerk, still looking at me curiously. "He seems to be a stranger in town. He's been here for two or three weeks, and to tell the truth we're getting a little uneasy about him—not afraid of his bill, you understand. But he doesn't seem quite right, somehow; hardly ever seems to eat or sleep, and seldom leaves the house.

"Maybe he's sick, but he looks well enough. Anyway, something seems to be troubling him badly, and we'd hate to have anything happen in the house. You'd better go up and see him. Don't tell him that I said anything."

So I went up. A bellboy showed me the room, and knocked.

"Who is it? I can't see anybody," said a voice.

"It's Billy Kirkman," I said. "Don't you remember me, Glen, at 'Varsity?"

A crack was opened and an eye appeared; then Glenny swung the door wide, dragged me in and slammed it after me.

"Lord, Kirkman, I'm glad to see you!" he cried, and repeated it. "Any friend—I never needed one more! I swear I couldn't think of a soul on earth to call on."

He had changed greatly and looked older, I thought, than he should have done. He had been a big, handsomely-built man but he was stooped, his head showed patches of grizzle and his face was pitifully lined.

Moreover, his nerves were clearly in rags. He could not sit or stand still for a moment, and it seemed to me that he was gulping down a fit of hysterics as we shook hands. I did not much wonder that the hotel people were afraid of having a suicide.

"You look run down," I remarked. "What's the matter?"

"The matter? The matter?" he said, rather wildly. "Why, man, I'm rejoicing. I'm a free man, pretty nearly for the first time since I can remember!"

"You look it," I said. "Stop it!"

He had burst into a roar of discordant laughter, rolling in his chair and he kept it up till I emptied the water pitcher over his head. Then he sat up dripping, and looked at me more sanely.

"Thanks," he said, seriously. "That was what I needed. But you've no idea how badly I've wanted help or advice. You've got to come with me. I can't tell you where; you'd never believe it. Will you?"

Half an hour later we were on an evening train for [illegible] where we spent the night. Glenny was excited and moody by turns, but he would give me no hint of the cause. Next morning we hired two saddle horses and rode up a very devious trail into the mountains for nearly two hours.

[illegible]

"Nothing here," said Glenny, impatiently. "This is just my workshop. Step on here and we'll go below."

Then I observed that in the centre of the floor was a movable platform like that of a freight elevator. Glenny had lighted a long candle and gave it to me to hold while he manipulated the rope that controlled the counterpoise, and we went down—down a dark shaft, twenty or thirty feet. Then the earth walls changed to stone, and in two minutes we touched the bottom.

We were in a chamber perhaps fifteen feet square, hewn and blasted from the solid rock. At one side stood a small table holding physical apparatus, among which I noticed a number of thermometers.

An iron shaft ran down apparently from the room above, and connected with a small and complicated looking machine in a corner. Close to this was a box-like trench, resembling a shallow grave, cut in the rock floor. Its massive metal lid was raised, and in the cavity lay some long object covered with a blanket.

"That," said Glenny solemnly, "is my evil angel."

"It looks very harmless," I said, more carelessly than I felt, and pulled off the cloth.

I shall never forget the shock. I hardly know what I had expected to find—perhaps a corpse. But there lay a marvellous statue of a man in solid gold, a little less than life size, and somewhat spongy-looking, but absolutely perfect.

Every hair, every thread of the clothing was duplicated in the precious metal that glittered in the candle light. But at the moment I scarcely realized the miracle of its workmanship and material, for the form and features were those of Augustus Kearnahan.

"In heaven's name!" I ejaculated. "Is this a mine? Do you mean to say that you cast that statue yourself? Do you know that it's the most wonderful thing ever done?"

"I dare say," said Glenny. "I knew you wouldn't believe unless you saw it. But it isn't a statue; it can't be called anything but a corpse—at any rate, it's all that remains of the man. Do you know him?"

"I know the face," I cried. "But this is gold."

"Yes," he said. "I'll tell you all about it. I wanted you to see for yourself. You probably didn't know that I was once something of a cracksman, did you?"

"I certainly did not."

"It was before I was 20, and I was quite a success at it. That was how I came to know him," pointing at the golden image that regarded the roof with a yellow stare. "He kept a gambling house in New Orleans then, and one night I tried to get into his safe with some tools of my own invention, and he came down and caught me in the act. Greatly to my surprise, he did not have me arrested, but after a long talk over a revolver barrel, he let me go.

"That was the beginning. Nobody can think worse of Kearnahan than I do, but he had more foresight and shrewdness than any other man I ever knew. I was arrested a month later for another affair, and he bailed me out and then told me to jump my bail and go North, where he would look after me.

"It seems that he detected my scientific bent before I discovered it myself, and he sent me to a good school, where they hammered mathematics and elementary science into me, and finally matriculated me for Chicago University, where you saw me.

"'I don't want you to fall in love, take to drink, make any friends or get religion,' he said to me. 'Outside that you can do as you damn please and call on me for the price. You've got the head for what I want.'

"It seemed that I had. You remember the way I went through practical and theoretical physics. I seemed to have a peculiar knack for the work, and I never was happier in my life, except for his prohibition against making friends.

"I felt too much gratitude, however, to disobey him in anything, but I never could understand the reason for it, or for his befriending me at all—till I graduated.

"Then he sent for me to his own city, where he had just got himself appointed chief of police, and I found that he had been quietly collecting evidence of all my youthful misdeeds, enough to get me a good twenty years in the prisons of two or three States. He said blandly that he wouldn't bring these things to light just at present though, as he had some work he wanted me to do, and he proposed to establish me in a laboratory of my own in St. Louis.

"Of course I jumped at the opening. I had hoped to spend my life in scientific work, and I would rather have faced death than twenty years of penal servitude just then. But it wasn't long before I discovered what sort of scientific labors were to be imposed upon me.

"Kearnahan made no bones about telling me that he was interested in the enterprises of half a dozen gangs of expert safe crackers and counterfeiters, and he wanted to apply modern science to these industries. He never accompanied the gangs on their raids, you understand, but he supplied the capital and acted as 'fence,' and got hold of most of the profits.

"I rebelled, of course, but what could I do? I've often wondered since what I ought to have done. The prison blocked every road but one. In short I succumbed and went to work, and nice work it was.

"There was no sort of lawless implement that I didn't handle. Moulds and dies for coining, chemical erasers for bank notes and checks, electric drills and blow pipes for safecracking, I had them all.

"I did good work, too, and I am ashamed to say that it wasn't very long before the scientific side of the work began to eclipse the moral in my mind. I had plenty of time for private experimenting, besides, and Kearnahan bought the costliest apparatus for me without a kick. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Kearnahan never knew of my acquaintance with the Lesoirs. He wasn't in their class, and I would have felt it profanation to mention Helen's name in his brutal presence.

"She was the brightest thing that ever touched my existence. Man, you must remember what my life has been—the slums and the gutter and the thieves' hangout till I was 20, and nothing but retorts and crucibles after that.

"I couldn't see her often, but she came to care for me—I know she did. Then—I had been going on in a sort of golden dream—then I seemed to wake up to the horror of my position.

"I was nothing better than a slave, chained down to crime. I would have cut my throat sooner than have dragged Helen into the net that held me, but rebellion meant the prison that would shut me off from her forever.

"I tried hard to break the cords. I plotted and planned till I almost went gray, but I could find no opening for escape. Those waiting years of imprisonment—I couldn't dodge them. I concluded that I had better lie low for a while and wait for an opportunity.

"To go up for trial meant never to see her again. I knew that! And now I've lost her, forever and to all eternity." He ended his sentence with a sort of dry gasp.

"Well, I turned back hard to work and moved out here. I needed a laboratory out of the reach of the jar and vibration of a city.

"I was working upon the production of low temperatures, for we had an idea that by the use of liquid air in some way steel could be made as brittle as glass and a safe door could be cracked with a hammer. It was interesting, but I presently stumbled upon a discovery that promised greater things yet, nothing less than the production of the Absolute Zero.

"That, you must know, is the temperature at which all heat is absent. It is about -275° centigrade and has never even been approached by science.

"A lump of matter at the Absolute Zero would be dead, as no created substance has ever been absolutely deprived of energy of any sort. Its atoms would only hold together by mere inertia and would be liable to be broken up by any shock.

"I speculated a good deal as to what form matter would assume in such a state. It would be simply matter, deprived of all its attributes, and no more iron or earth than flesh or water. I could not even decide whether it would be visible or not.

"I had the underground cell built to get as far from vibration as possible, and moved the engine shed to a greater distance. You wouldn't understand my experiments if I described them, but I worked for two or three months before I saw my way clear.

"I had already obtained temperatures lower than had ever been before obtained. Liquid air I employed largely, but liquid air was boiling oil compared to some of the ghastly fluids I distilled under tremendous pressure and cold.

"Two months ago I arranged my apparatus for the great attempt. That stone trough in the floor was the 'cooling box,' and I put half a dozen ordinary bricks in it, locked the lid and started the machinery.

"For an hour I watched the self-registering thermometers go down. Down they went—200 degrees, 250 degrees, 265 degrees—and then they ceased to work. I let the experiment go on for an hour more, and then held an electric bulb over the glass window in the lid and peeped in.

"Just for a moment I saw the pile of bricks exactly as I had left them. Then, at the flash of light, they seemed to move, to expand, to turn pale, and before I realized the transformation they were white as marble and considerably larger.

"I raised the lid, but the gush of white vapor and awful cold that came out drove me hurriedly up the shaft in the lift. When the place had warmed up a little I returned. Instead of the bricks I found half a dozen blocks of solid ice brick-shaped, but nearly a third larger.

"I had half expected something of the sort. It had been a success. The rays of the electric lamp had broken up the atoms of dead matter into a new molecular arrangement, which happened to be that of water. The increase in bulk simply represented the difference in the specific gravities of the old and the new compounds.

"It was certainly the greatest scientific feat of the century, and my state of excitement and triumph is hard to describe. Moreover, the practical possibilities of the thing were enormous, unlimited. If bricks could be turned to water, stone could be turned to diamonds; it was only a question of finding the right sort of shock to apply to the deadened matter.

"So I devoted myself to the problem of ascertaining what sort of shocks produced certain results, and I worked at it for weeks. I had the terminals of an induction coil run into the cold box and used sparks of different intensities as agents.

"But I could not arrive at any accurate results. The chilled matter seemed to take one turn as readily as another. Lumps of rock changed to gas or carbon readily, sometimes to lead, sometimes to air, and once I nearly blew up the whole place by suddenly producing several thousand feet of a highly expansive gas. But I never got anything of an intrinsic value.

"I had totally neglected Kearnahan's work for some time, and one morning as I was at work in this dungeon I was startled to see him letting himself down by the lift. It was the first time he had ever visited my mountain laboratory, though he had written several times.

"I had almost forgotten how I loathed him. But I remembered when I saw in his hand a photograph of Helen Lesoir which had hung on my wall upstairs.

[illegible]

way. But the blood was running down my face, and I was half dazed with the blow I had received.

"I hurried up the shaft and ran out into the woods, unconscious of where I went, but feeling driven to move. I must have roamed about for hours without knowing it, and I was only brought to myself by a hard pelt of cold rain on my bare head.

"You know how thunderstorms come up in the mountains. The sky had turned a livid purple, and at that moment a flash of lighting exploded with a noise like the crack of a whip, followed instantly by a terrific clap.

"I ran for the house, which was not more than a half a mile distant. The rain came heavier, shot through with vivid, near lightning. As I approached the building I saw the puffs of steam from the engine shed, and remembered that I had ordered the machinery to be started at 9 o'clock. I looked at my watch; it was half-past 10.

"I hardly dared to think what might have happened. I had just reached the door of the house when the world seemed to turn to white fire. I was knocked down on the threshold, and distinctly felt the earth quake at the fearful peal of thunder that came with the flash.

"But the discharge had missed me, after all. It had struck our lightning-arrester, and when I got up dizzily and went into the hut I say the ravage it had made. Jumping from the conductor, it had smashed and melted the instruments, split and scarred the table, and finally seemed to have gone down the electric wires leading underground.

"I went down, and then returned to lift the lid of the cold box by the tackle that ran above. When I descended again the lid stood open, but there was no corpse there—nothing but what you see.

"The horrow of the thing almost upset my mind. I couldn't touch the golden image. I covered it up, paid off and dismissed my enginemen and went to Denver, where you found me.

"I was free of my tormentor, but I had become a murderer. I didn't dare think of Helen. What to do I didn't know. I think I would have shot myself if you hadn't turned up."

"On the contrary," I said, "it seems to me that you should feel that most of your troubles are done with."

So I argued the case with him for an hour in that cold cavern in the rock over the yellow image. Finally he cheered up a little, and consented to adopt my view.

"Tell her the whole story as you have told it to me," I advised. "If she's any good, she'll stick to you. Report the whole affair to the authorities, and take what they give you. But I think I can safely promise that you won't be badly treated."

"And what will we do with this?" said Glenny, pointing to the image.

"I would remark," I said, "that you are a poor man now, and that you have here almost a hundred and eighty pounds of excellent gold, worth some $40,000 at the mint."

"Never," he declared. "I could as soon rob a grave. No, wait. I have a better plan. Let's see if the engines are in working order."

They appeared to be, and I got up steam with an enormous expenditure of time and unskilled labor, while Glenny busied himself with numerous occult preparations. Finally, we started the apparatus and waited.

After an hour the machinery was stopped and we raised the lid of the cold box by the rope and tackle in the upper chamber. A freezing blast swept up the shaft, followed by a cloud of white vapor.

Its touch made me shudder. I hardly knew why. Glenny was pale and impatient.

Presently we went below. There was nothing in the box, absolutely nothing.

"Melted to air!" he muttered. "Melted to air! My God, Kirkman, from this day I never touch these devil's arts again!"

Then we ascended the shaft for the last time and went out to where the horses were stamping under the pines.

GREENLAND'S NEWSPAPER.

It Is Now Published Every Two Weeks and Its Circulation Is Increasing.

About twenty years ago a little newspaper began to be printed at Godthaab on the southwest coast of Greenland. It appeared in the Esquimau language and was one of the most unique productions of the printing press. It was called the *Atnagliuh* (the Reader) and at first was issued only once in a while, as the editor did not print a new issue until he had sold all the copies of the preceding one.

Lars Moeller is the name of the editor and publisher of this little Greenland newspaper. He has made his paper very useful because it has stimulated a desire among the natives to learn to read. For some years past the paper has been printed as a monthly publication, but it is now appearing once in every two weeks.

Years ago, when Nordenskjold made his trip inland on the great ice cap of southern Greenland, he was accompanied by this Esquimau, Lars Moeller, who confided to the explorer his ambition to become a journalist. The young man was clever with his pencil, and he showed pictures which he had drawn and that he thought would interest his compatriots and make them anxious to learn to read. Nordenskjold was very much impressed with the intelligence, industry and ambition of the young Esquimau and on his return to Sweden he sent him a printing press and a supply of ink and paper.

In the course of time Lars, who had become proficient in reading and writing, acquired the art of setting type and running the printing press. [illegible]

[illegible]

PREACH POLYGAMY ONCE MORE

NEW MORMON CAMPAIGN IN PROGRESS IN THE WEST.

Missionaries Seeking Emigrants in Nebraska, Kansas and South Dakota—A Policy of Bunching Converts—Political Power of the Mormons.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 2.—The missionary branch of the Mormon Church is just now more than usually active in the States of Nebraska, Kansas and South Dakota. For years it has been sending missionaries abroad and their work has been successful. Larger numbers of missionaries have now been put into the field and the plan of campaign has been materially changed.

Most of the missionaries look and act like farmers' sons turned into preachers without much more preparation than a thorough knowledge of the Mormon Bible. The farming communities of the three States named have been selected as the fields of their operations, and they try to induce people to emigrate. They are constantly dilating upon the advantages of Utah and Idaho, where they say the agricultural conditions are vastly superior to those of the drought-stricken region of last year.

Formerly the missionaries were content simply to proselyte for their faith. Converts were all they were after. They generally travelled in pairs and went from house to house, quietly pushing the work of convincing men and women that the Latter-Day Church offered a simpler and nobler plan of salvation and belief than the older denominations.

They were careful, in order to overcome in part at least the antipathy to anything Mormon, to insist that the Church had been reorganized and that polygamy was no longer one of its cardinal doctrines. They admitted that the old leaders had practised polygamy and that while they were obeying the letter of the law in that they lived with but one wife they were not shirking the duty of support to the others still alive.

In their crusade they were aided by the general belief that the Church had submitted to the inevitable and had banished polygamy. They held public meetings also and openly sought for converts. That they were successful was proved by the number of congregations they organized in various parts of Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa.

The campaign now being prosecuted is a masked one. It is no longer insisted on that polygamy has been banished from the Church. In a covert way it is stated that they are now seeking converts to the Church because polygamy is possible in Utah and Idaho, where the Mormons are the dominant power in politics.

One of these missionaries is quoted as having said recently in a talk with prospective converts that the true Mormons have never relinquished their polygamous beliefs and that he expected to secure many converts because most men are by instinct polygamous, and that in a church governed and run as a business organization a plurality of wives is not only not a burden, but a distinct help to worldly prosperity.

These arguments, confined as they are to the less educated part of the population, have been bearing fruit, and it is said that the spring will see a considerable immigration to the two States named.

These missionaries have been quoting leaders of the Church as saying that the law of plural marriage is God-given, and that no Mormon need fear man-made laws. They are also accused of tempting their prospective converts with a picture of Mormon supremacy in the future by reason of the fact that plurality of wives means larger families, and that as the average non-Mormon family numbers no more than three children, in time the whole earth will be filled by the true believers. They seek to prove that in ancient days according to both their Bible and that of the Christian Church, polygamy was not regarded as a sin.

In fact, these missionaries are preaching the old gospel according to Joseph Smith, but with more cunning and diplomacy. Here in the West it is recognized that the Mormon Church holds the balance of political power in Wyoming, Nevada and Idaho, which means that its very practical leaders find it easy to make bargains with the machine politicians, who, in return for votes, grant immunity from arrest and prosecution to those Mormons who discreetly desire to continue their old practices. Even in the most flagrant cases of violation of the Anti-Polygamy law, only nominal fines are assessed, and most of the offenders immediately return to their wives.

The Rev. Mr. Lillywhite, who has been in charge of the Nebraska propaganda, says that the Church has now 2,000 agents and active missionaries at work in the United States. This includes those who do missionary work only, and not those in charge of churches.

It has been found difficult to secure much of a foothold in the States east of the Mississippi, because of the greater prejudice that exists there against anything that bears the name of Mormon. Only scattered communities are found in the Ohio Valley, and there are some in Pennsylvania also.

The policy of the Apostles who have charge of all civil and religious matters, has been to bunch the believers in one part of the country, and when converts are secured in the East every inducement is held out to them to settle in Utah, Nevada, Idaho or Wyoming. More recently the Apostles have given orders to extend their domain a little further to the east, to include Colorado, New Mexico and later it is presumed, Kansas and Nebraska.

The anti-polygamists in this region have only recently become aware of the extent of the movement and they are now seeking to enlist Eastern sympathy in their fight against the extension of Mormonism. They declare that the present missionary movement is intended, in part, to create a public sentiment that will not retard the Mormon Church's growth, while at the same time every effort is being made to gain a membership that will in the future make it impossible ever to prohibit polygamy by amendment to the Federal Constitution.

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BULLDOG AND PIG.

A Canine Fury Up Against a Common West Virginia Razorback.

Under the heading of profit and loss in the Standard Oil Company's books there is an entry "1 bulldog," followed by some details. The dog is catalogued on the loss side of the balance.

It is said that he is the only dog ever owned by that powerful combination, and after its experience with him the company is not likely to invest in any more of his kind. He became a Standard Oil dog in this way:

One of the company's stations near Charleston, W. Va., had suffered the loss of many barrels from the depredation of thieves, who found them useful as firewood. After trying in vain to capture or get a shot at the thieves, Blake Stewart, who had charge of the office, sent a requisition to the division office in Baltimore for one large and savage bulldog.

In the course of time after some fluctuations of red tape the division office notified Mr. Stewart that it possessed no facilities for the purchase or manipulation of savage bulldogs, but that if he thought he could obtain one locally of a sufficient degree of ferocity for $10 that sum was at his disposal.

Two days later a negro delivered to Mr. Stewart a brindle bulldog chained to the end of a pole. The negro explained to Mr. Stewart that the reason the used the pole instead of a rope was that its stiffness was of advantage in keeping the beast at a proper and respectful distance. The dog was duly established in the barrel yard and went on record as an employee of the Standard Oil Company, with an allowance for maintenance.

The office force then set about making the acquaintance of the new acquisition. Mr. Stewart conducted his advances from the top of a shed, which, he being an agile and athletic person, had gained just before the dog got to him.

The head clerk tried the power of his hypnotic eye on the beast, and, though normally a dignified and slow-moving person, he cleared the fence by a vault that was the admiration of all beholders. Several other employees tried to establish friendly relations, and those that got away intact were the lucky ones.

They named the dog Fury, and employed a trainer from Charleston to come down and train him. Three minutes after his introduction to Fury the trainer gave up his job, together with a considerable portion of his raiment, and went home.

Thereafter Fury ruled the roost. There were no more barrels stolen, for his reputation went abroad in the land; but there were other difficulties.

When a stock of barrels was acquired, it took the major part of the office force, armed with clubs, to drive Fury to cover while the workmen got the stock out.

In the course of time Fury became a little more peaceable and would allow a few favored acquaintances around the place; but no stranger ever got so much as one foot inside the inclosure without hastening to take it out again before the dog could fasten to it. Fury earned his salary.

One day a wandering pig came nosing around the inclosure, found a loose place in the fence and made his way in. Now the West Virginian breed of pig is not the fat, lazy and inert porker of the farmyard. He is a lean, sharp-backed, sinewy animal who has had to make his own way in the world for so long that he is thoroughly equipped to take care of himself.

The only thing he considers it worth while to get out of the way of is a railroad train; and he sometimes contests the right of way with that, under which circumstances both train and pig commonly leave the track together.

Either Fury didn't understand the nature of the invader, or his lordly career had puffed him up with an undue sense of his own abilities. With a snarl of concentrated rage he made for the trespasser, and launched his powerful body like a thunderbolt straight at piggy's throat.

There was a wild clamor of grunts, squeals, growls and howls that brought Mr. Stewart and the rest out in haste. All they could see was a mad whirl of dust and writhing bodies.

Then a streak emerged from the whirl. It was Fury. Away he went, yelling murder at every leap, and the pig after him. After two circuits of the yard, Fury noted the hole in the fence, and with a yelp of mingled joy and shame started through it.

It was more of a squeeze for piggy, but he got through, too. There was no doubt about his intentions; he meant murder. Fury realized it. He took to the railroad track and headed eastward.

When the curve, half a mile up the road, hid him from view, the pursuer was running head down and tail up, with a vigor which suggested that obstinacy of pursuit for which his kind is proverbial.

At the Standard Oil office they waited until closing time, expecting to gloat over the return of a chastened and drooping Fury. But he came not; neither that day nor the next, nor the next. Then Mr. Stewart, following his instructions to notify the company of any loss of property, wired the division office at Baltimore as follows:

"Company's bulldog last seen headed for Baltimore. Look out for him. Details follow, also a pig."

The office got the details later, by mail, but they haven't yet seen the bulldog or the pig.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

Four States With More Mileage Than the Whole Country in 1865.

At the close of the Civil War there were 35,000 miles of railroad in the United States, of which 4,200 were in Ohio, 3,000 in Illinois, 2,900 in Pennsylvania, 2,700 in New York, 2,100 in Indiana, and 1,400 in Georgia.

There was at that time less than fifty miles of railroad each in Michigan and Oregon, less than 100 miles each in California and Arkansas, less than fifty miles in Kansas and less than 500 in Texas.

The present length of American railroads is 190,000 miles and four States have among them more railroad mileage than the whole country had at the close of the Civil War.

These four States are Illinois, the railroad mileage of which is 10,800, Pennsylvania, with 10,200, Texas with 10,000 and Ohio with 8,800 miles.

Kansas has now a railroad mileage of 8,800, 600 miles more than the State of New York. Oregon, from a very small beginning, has 1,800, but falls behind other Pacific Coast States in that respect, California having 5,800 and Washington 3,000.

Only two States of the Union have less than 500 miles of railroad, Delaware with 351 and Rhode Island with 225. Minnesota has 6,900 and Wisconsin the same.

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ADVENTURES OF THE TINY GIANT

NO. II.

By Charles Battell Loomis.

After the giant had been made tiny again Gilbert realized what a risk had been run in allowing him to grow to his full size, and he resolved never to fail to give him his powder at the proper time.

The giant had sprinkled the parched farms with the lake water and had in this way saved the crops, but he had not done it from any wish to do good. He had always gloried in being a bad giant, and he was sorry enough when he found himself but four inches high that he had let an opportunity for doing mischief pass by unimproved.

Still Gilbert had such a pleasant way with him that the giant could not remain bad tempered long, and after the boy had smuggled some food out to him in the barn he decided that being a tiny giant was not so bad after all, as all his wants were supplied without any trouble to himself.

Gilbert did not say a word about the giant to his father and mother, as he did not wish to bother them. His mother was a very nervous woman who hated giants in any form, either tiny or otherwise, and his father did not believe in giants.

Of course, I don't mean that he did not believe that there were giants, but he did not approve of them. He and all the other farmers of Hardingville supposed that their crops had been saved by showers, and they wondered what had made the lake so low in such a very short time. The fish had hardly enough water to swim about in, and the boys of the neighborhood went down with buckets and pails and baskets and shoveled up rock bass and black bass and perch and pickerel, weighing all the way from four ounces to four pounds.

The wizard who had left the giant in Gilbert's charge had told him to feed him thirty powders at noon for thirty days, after which he would remain tiny for life, but if he failed to give a powder at the proper time the giant would resume his natural size.

Gilbert made up his mind to take care that he got all the other powders, and he gave Jack Sherman a thrashing for spilling the first powder.

That evening the tiny giant said he'd give the boys of Hardingville an exhibition of his strength. So Gilbert took the shafts off of a Concord wagon and fastened good strong cord to the crossbars.

Then he and Jack Sherman, who had made up, pulled the wagon down to "the flats," a road that ran as level as a billiard table for upward of a mile. The giant amused himself during the ride by climbing up the whipstock to the end and then hanging to the snapper.

The twelve boys were waiting on "the flats" for Gilbert and Jack. They had heard about the tiny giant and they wanted to see an exhibition of his strength.

First Gilbert lifted him up on the palm of his hand and let all the boys feel his muscles. His biceps were about the size of young currants; but, Oh, how hard they were and how they swelled and subsided when he raised and let fall his little arm!

He was plainly very proud of his strength and delighted to be made so much of by the boys. When had been a big giant he had been hated and all his neighbors had taxed their wits to find some way to kill him, but here were a lot of fine, manly boys who thought he was great fun and who fed him and went in swimming with him and were now going to let him show what he could do in the way of pulling.

Gilbert had made a breast harness out of the leather in an old bean shooter and he had fixed it over the giant's shoulder. Then he fastened the cord to it.

Two or three of the boys had piled into the wagon.

"Here, get out of that!" said Gilbert. "We don't want to strain the giant's muscles. Jack and I had a hard time pulling the wagon here, except down the hills, and so you fellers pile out."

But the giant curled his tiny lips and said: "Don't you be afraid of hurting my muscles. If the wagon is strong enough I can pull every one who can perch on it."

That was enough. There were twelve boys, and they scrambled into that wagon until it was so full of legs that a grasshopper wouldn't have found a place for one of his.

"All aboard!" shouted the giant.

Then he pushed forward the way an ox does, bent down to it, and pulled that heavily-loaded Concord wagon as easily as if he had been his natural size, or it had been a paper cart filled with very light swan's down.

His stout little legs scampered over the ground with the rapidity of a centipede, and they made a mile in two minutes and forty-five seconds. The boys would never have known what the time was, as none of them carried watches, but the keeper of the local livery stable happened to be walking across the flats, and he had a stop-watch, with which he timed the automobile, as he supposed it to be until he had come up to it.

He was astonished enough when he found that a tiny giant had supplied the motive power.

But to me the most astonishing thing is that the cord did not break with such a strain on it. Twelve lusty boys must have weighed close on to 1,000 pounds, and the cord was the sort that you use in sewing up bales with.

"What'll you take for the giant?" said the liveryman to Gilbert.

"He's not mine to sell, and, anyhow, I don't believe in selling people. I'm taking care of him, but he belongs to himself."

"Well, you could make a fortune showing him."

"That may be," said Gilbert, loftily, "but I'm not in the show business. I make enough money selling blueberries."

"I'm getting sleepy," said the giant. "Let's have a tug of war, and then I'm going back to the barn."

The tug-of-war was soon arranged. Some one found a loose strand of unbarbed fence wire and the boys all arranged themselves along one end of it, while the tiny giant took the other end in one hand, carelessly whistling all the while.

"Ready?" said the liveryman and the tug began.

It seems hard to believe, but, although at the first minute the boys drew the giant along for several feet, he soon stopped whistling and took a brace. [illegible]

[illegible]

But there came a day when Gilbert had never had eyes on the [illegible] tell you about it next week.